

The Literary World.

The times everywhere seem to have been unfavorable for literature, and no season for many years has produced so few noticeable books as the last. In Europe the war has had a depressing influence, and the press of Paris and London have furnished comparatively few books except on subjects connected with Russia, Turkey, and the Eastern question. In this country, publishers have undertaken very little during the last six months. The only books which have had a very large sale in that period are the memoirs of P. T. Barran, Horace Greeley, Chevalier Wilcox, and a sister of N. P. Willis, who, under the title of "Ruth Hall," has served up the domestic privacies of her family. Literature has been disdained, for a temporary advantage, by a few publishers who have resorted to the George Robbins style of advertising. No respectable author would regard any increase of his income as a compensation for the undignified manner in which many works are now brought before the public. The value of advertising may be injured by its abuse, and experience will soon teach people to avoid works issued from houses by whose advertisements they have once been taken in. The effect, thus far, has been to secure for many miserable novels, like the anti-slavery story of "Ida May," for example, a sale until recently altogether unparalleled. No work by Scott, Bulwer, Cooper, or any of the great masters of fiction, was ever half so "successful," to use the language of the trade, as this dull and common place affair, by a maiden lady of Portland, now residing in Cambridge, near Boston. Nor has any production of Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Kirkland, Miss McIntosh, or Margaret Fuller, ever sold as well as Mrs. Anne L. Stephens' "Fashion and Famine," the "Letters of Jonathan Slick, of Slickville," or Mrs. Farrington's "Fern Leaves." This absurd advertising system is beginning to be understood. It is not suitable for the class of people who buy books. It will do better for Perham's Gifts.

The lovers of good books will be delighted to learn that our great historian, Mr. Prescott, has at length completed the important work which, for ten years, has occupied so much of his attention—"The History of Philip the Second: the history of the beginning of the decline, and his Ferdinand and Isabella" was of the end of the rise, of the greatness of the Spanish monarchy. Inheriting the vast possessions and powers of his father, Charles the Fifth, Philip devoted his best energies to the suppression of the Protestant religion, alleging that he "had rather be without subjects than a King of heretics." One of his wives was Queen Mary, of England, who was far less bigoted and more merciful than himself. Mr. Chaudier's speech denying the temporal supremacy of the Pope is not very happily illustrated by the fact that his Holiness invested Philip with the sovereignty of Ireland when Elizabeth established Protestantism in her dominions—of course, releasing the Irish, by a bull, from their allegiance to her. No age before the rise of Napoleon was so prolific of remarkable personages as that of this celebrated monarch, whose own character was one demanding for its proper exhibition the finest and highest qualities of historical criticism. Mr. Prescott will be found equal to the difficult task he has undertaken. It has been his happy distinction, hitherto, that, upon whatever subjects he has written, his works have at once taken a just and enduring precedence of all others. His new performance will merit and command the extraordinary success of his histories of Ferdinand and Isabella, Mexico, and Peru, and will be an additional justification of the judgment of Humboldt, that he is the greatest of all living historians. The materials for his new work have been drawn from the principal archives and private libraries of Europe, especially in Spain, where the libraries of the descendants of the old statesmen of Philip the Second have been thrown open to him. They amount to nearly ten thousand folio pages of manuscripts, besides everything of importance that has been ever printed on the subject and the period. We learn that the work will be in three volumes, and that the first is already ready; so that the whole may be expected from the publishers during the spring.

Washington Irving will give us, through his publisher, this week, a new and charming miscellany, under the title of "Wolfer's Rest." Its character, perhaps, may be best described by saying that it is a second "Sketch Book." It will be recollected that nearly fifteen years ago—before Mr. Irving's appointment as Minister to Spain—he was understood to be industriously engaged upon a "Life of Washington." We are happy to state that this work is now nearly finished, and that it will be immediately given to the press. It cannot be said that the Father of his Country has, thus far, been eminently fortunate in his biographers. Marshall and Sparks are able, and must ever rank high as authorities; but, with all their merits, they are heavy to a degree which renders the reading of them anything rather than a pleasant pastime. Mr. Irving will give us not only the history of the soldier and statesman, "first in war and first in peace," but a portrait of the man who was "first in the hearts of his countrymen." This work, indeed, will be a delight for the young and the old, as fascinating as a romance, but as carefully considered, with respect to truth and justice, as can be demanded by the most judicious reader. It will be in three large volumes.

Undoubtedly one of the most accomplished, honorable and altogether respectable public characters this country has ever produced was the late Mr. Henry Wheaton, whose long and distinguished career as a diplomatist was not less favorably known among statesmen than his masterly works illustrative of the laws of nations among scholars. These elaborate productions, which have been everywhere recognized as of the highest authority, from the period of their first publication, together with his "Inquiry as to the Right of Search," his "History of the Northmen" (entirely re-written and greatly enlarged a short time before his death), and all his other historical, judicial, literary and miscellaneous writings, are soon to appear, under the title of his *Complete Works*, with a Memoir, by his friend Mr. William Beach Lawrence, than whom no man is more competent, from his personal intimacy and similarly various and thorough scholarship, to do him the fullest justice. We understand that Mr. Lawrence has consented to read a paper on the life, labors and character of Mr. Wheaton at the next meeting of the New York Historical Society.

The first and tenth volumes of *The Works of John Adams*, completing the series, are in press, and will be issued together during the spring. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, by whom they are edited, has thus far executed his duties in the most admirable manner, so that we cannot help feeling some regret that he has decided not to proceed immediately with the preparation for the press of the voluminous writings of his father, John Quincy Adams, which will never be sought after with as much avidity or have as powerful an influence as if published now, while so many of his contemporaries are living, and the controversies in which he mingled still agitate the public mind.

The danger of leaving such important duties to be performed by incompetent persons is shown in the manner in which the *Works of Jefferson* have just been edited by a Professor Washington, of Virginia. Prof. W. secured the job of editing the various and extensive correspondence and other writings of the founder of the democratic party, and received from the Department of State all his MSS., amounting to between forty and fifty thousand papers, written by him or addressed to him, from which, in the opinion of Mr. Webster, who had examined them, as many as would make twenty octavo volumes were worthy of publication. Professor Washington selected, with the six volumes previously published, comprising Randolph's edition of the correspondence, and the "Notes on Virginia," and "The Statesman's Manual," enough for nine volumes, leaving out everything by Mr. Jefferson that did not probably agree with his own peculiar notions, or

what he supposed to be the existing public sentiment of Virginia. Thus, historically, and for nearly all practical purposes, his compilation is nearly useless. Nobody cares what Professor Washington's notions of public affairs are, but it is frequently of the utmost importance to know what Mr. Jefferson's own's. Professor Washington does not approve the sentiments disclosed in Mr. Jefferson's celebrated letter to Governor Coles on slavery, and therefore omits it from his "Complete Works." When we have occasion to refer to it we are unwilling to wade through a file of the *National Intelligencer* or some other journal to find it, especially after the government has paid a most extravagant price for editing and printing all the works of Mr. Jefferson. But besides this, an examination of these volumes for some twenty minutes revealed the following blunders in proper names:—

Bacon	is spelled	Becourt;
Colles	"	Coler;
Duffer	"	Dubler;
Manners	"	Manus;
McClinton	"	McMatron;
Quincy	"	Quemary;
Carry	"	Cory;
Shidmore	"	Shidman;
Jaudenes	"	Jandens;
Arnoux	"	Arnold and Arnaud;
D'Aubert	"	D'Aubert;
Houdetot	"	Houdetot;
Stiles	"	Stile;
Rouvier	"	Reverie and Rouene;
Bouchoncault	"	Bouchoncault;
Wadsworth	"	Wardsworth;

Cerchi three ways—two in the same paragraph.

Mac, Mc and M' are all printed alike, Mr. (according to the vulgar custom of marking an elision with a turned comma instead of an apostrophe—introduced originally, perhaps, by some compositor "out of sorts," and never allowable). A great many names we cannot recognize as belonging to anybody with whom Jefferson corresponded, or of whom he wrote; and this carelessness being evinced in regard to proper names, what assurance can be felt as to the correctness of other parts of the text?

The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, by Mr. Abbott, which has so long been a principal attraction of Harper's Magazine, is now concluded, and will soon be issued in a handsome three volume edition, profusely illustrated. The character of this extremely popular production is too well known to need description. Mr. Abbott, recognizing the extraordinary interest so universally felt in the character of his hero, has attempted to illustrate his career with a particularity of personal detail as minute as that displayed in Bowdell's incomparable memoirs of Johnson, and the result is a work, which for dramatic effectiveness, in perhaps unparalleled in the whole range of historical biography.

That no other subject has so strong a hold upon the feelings of the American people is evident from the great number of books which are successfully published here on Napoleon and the celebrated men whose importance was derived from their association with him. A quarter of a million volumes a year scarcely supply the demand, and none are popular except such as present a favorable view of Napoleon's character. We are to have this week a reprint of *Les Célèbres Famous Life, Exile and Conversations of the Emperor*, in four volumes—the earlier American editions of these fascinating memoirs having long been out of print. Of all the works relating to Napoleon by his personal friends and associates, this is the best and most important.

The Rev. Alexander Gutzwiller, of Ellensburg, has been some time in this country collecting materials for a life of Jonathan Edwards. It might have been supposed that among the theologians and metaphysicians of New England, some one equal to the task would have undertaken this work. The "Life of Edwards," by Dr. Selden Dwight, was too heavy, and in no respect altogether satisfactory. There was a rumor some years ago that the Rev. Dr. Park contemplated such a performance. It is to be regretted that he has not executed it.

At length, half a century after such a collection was first announced, we are to have the *Memoirs, Correspondence and Writings of Joel Barlow*, in several stout octavo volumes. The author of "The Columbiad" was a capital letter writer, and some of his political essays have great force and elegance.

It will be recollected that among the passengers lost in the Arctic steamer was Professor Henry Reed, of the University of Pennsylvania. He was a gentleman of singular refinement, in personal appearance, in feelings, manners, and culture; and few of his contemporaries, at home or abroad, excelled him in catholicity of taste, or breadth or thoroughness of elegant scholarship. We are glad to learn that his brother, the Hon. Wm. B. Reed, has concluded to publish a collection of his works. The first volume, we understand, will contain his systematic Lectures on English Literature, which we have heard of as remarkable for acute and genial criticism and brilliant characteristics, especially of essays and poets. Another will be on English literature, as illustrated by Shakespeare's drama, from King Lear to King Henry VIII. and the Reformation. Another will embrace discussions of Modern History generally. We hope the editor will add to these a memoir of his brother, with a selection from his correspondence. No American, probably, had personal and friendly relations with a larger number of eminent literary men. All those volumes will be interesting and creditable to American literature.

Nearly two years ago the friends of Mr. Horace Binney Wallace, of Philadelphia, were startled by intelligence of his sudden death, in Paris. He was but thirty-five years of age, yet he had already gained an extended reputation as a writer on the law, and in the select circle in which he was best known it was not doubted that he would acquire a far higher fame in literature and philosophy. Indeed, it was believed by some that he was incomparably the greatest genius this country had produced; and Daniel Webster, in remarking that "although the development of noble characters had always been with him a favorite and frequent study, he doubted whether history could furnish an example of such extraordinary intelligence among universal accomplishments as at so early a period in life," but expressed the estimation in which Mr. Wallace's powers were held by those who were admitted to his intimate conversation. Wherever he went among the great thinkers of Europe, he left the same impression of his capacities, mingled with a most affectionate respect for his character; and Auguste Comte, "the Bacon of the nineteenth century," says in the preface to his "Systeme de Philosophie Positive," "I do not exaggerate his merits in ranking him the equal of the greatest American statesmen." The loss of such a character was justly regarded as a national calamity, and by his friends was felt the more keenly, because his life had thus far been one of preparation, and he had left but little to justify to strangers the praises which they themselves knew were due to him. Dr. Herman Hooker, of Philadelphia, has published a volume of his essays, under the title of *Art, Science and Philosophy in Europe: being Fragments from the Portfolio of Horace Binney Wallace*; and in this will be found such illustrations of his genius as will make every reader a mourner for him. The essays on art are evidently but rough drafts of portions of a work Mr. Wallace intended to prepare on that subject; but they are full of profound reflections and original and striking ideas, clothed in a style alike terse, perspicuous and splendid, enriched with the best glosses of learning and imagination.

Among the discussions occasioned by Dr. Edward Beecher's remarkable "Conflict of the Ages," none probably will be more carefully studied by theologians and philosophers than one soon to be published by Mr. Henry James on "The Nature of Evil." Mr. James is incontestably one of the ablest metaphysical writers now living in the United States. He has been described as "an infidel with a leaning toward Swedenborgism," but would probably not admit the justice of such a characterization. His previous works have not furnished any very exact statement of his religious belief, but it is promised that in this it shall be presented in a systematic form. All who know him are prepared to expect in everything he publishes not only a vigorous eloquence and a prodigious richness of illustrations, but

The Literary World.

the advocacy of ideas cherished with equal energy and earnestness.

Professor Taylor Lewis has in press a treatise on "The Six Days of Creation," in which he vindicates the sacred history against all scientific or inducive theories of the earth, and debates, incidentally, the habitability of other worlds.

The old sentimental novel, entitled "The Coquette, or the History of Eliza Wharton," has been republished in Boston, with a "Historical Preface," including a Memoir of the Author, which is one of the most affected, ridiculous and unintelligible pieces of writing that has appeared for some time. The opening sentence is characteristic: "He who waits beside the folded gates of mystery, over which float forever the impurged vapors of the past," we are informed, "should stand with girded loins, and white, unobscured feet." To wash one's feet is doubtless a frequent duty, but it was not especially necessary to the revelation of all the mystery that has existed about this novel. It has been no secret for half a century, that it was written by Mrs. Hannah Foster, wife of the Rev. John Foster, D.D. of Brighton, Massachusetts; that the real name of the heroine was Elizabeth Whitman, daughter of a clergyman of Hartford, Connecticut, and that the devil of the piece was the celebrated Pierpont Edwards, a son of the great metaphysician, and cousin of Aaron Burr. The editor of this new edition gives us little further information of any importance on the subject. A portrait is prefixed to the volume, purporting to be a veritable likeness of Eliza Wharton, though in the historical preface it is referred to as engraved from an original painting of her mother, who was born in 1703, while the earliest year that can be perceived from its style that the picture was painted some 1830. It is perhaps an old annual plate. The editor says an ancestor of Eliza Wharton "removed to, and died in, Hadley, January 30, 1662." It is meant that he removed and died the same day? She says, also, that "the Coquette took precedence, in time, of all American romances;" but "The Foresters," by Dr. Bulkley, "The Algoric Captive," by Royal Tyler, "Charlotte Temple," by Mrs. Rowson, and half-a-dozen others, had been previously published. The greater part of the "historical preface" is a riddle, and the story itself exhibits considerable cleverness in its way, and is decidedly superior to the larger portion of the popular novels by women which have been written in the last few years.

James Russell Lowell's lectures on the British poets, now being delivered in Boston, before the Lowell Institute, are deservedly praised as the finest things he has done in prose. They will probably soon be published in a volume.

The Poems of Alice Carey, which form the last volume issued of Ticknor's American Poets, is immeasurably superior to any collection of poems ever published by an American woman. If Miss Carey is not the finest poet of her sex now living in the world, the only one deserving a comparison with her is Mrs. Barrett Browning. The *Westminster Review* says: "No other American woman has evinced as much genius, in prose or verse, as Alice Carey;" the *North American Review* admits that her works display "no ordinary powers of imagination." If she were not our country woman, it is likely that this would be the common decision of persons among us pretending to criticism. Certainly it would be difficult for any one to point out in all the literature of the English language for the last half dozen years, as much genuine poetry as is contained in Miss Carey's "Maiden of Alacra," (a piece about as long as Alexander Smith's "Life Drama," which appears for the first time in this new collection of her works. That the readers of poetry generally appreciate justly Miss Carey's merits, is evident from the large sale of her works.

The Misses Warner, one of whom is so well known as the authoress of "The Wide World," and the other as the writer of "Dollars and Cents," have each a new novel in press.

Miss Maria Cummings, of Massachusetts, whose "Lamp-lighter" has had a larger popularity than any novel of modern times except "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has a new work in preparation. She is passing the winter in New York.

Considerable interest has been excited by the announcement of the early publication by the Rev. Dr. Magdon, of the work upon which he has been so long engaged, on Christian art, and many valuable materials for which were collected by him during his recent visit to the Old World. The illustrations of the book will be taken from original water color drawings, from the pencils of some of the most distinguished living artists, as well as from copies of the old masters. With these aids, and the fruits of the vast historical research which Dr. Magdon has brought to bear on the subject, he will be enabled to present the public with one of the most complete and valuable works in connection with Christian art, that has emanated from the pen of any writer. The subject merits being treated independently, and not as merely collateral to others, and the Doctor will have the merit of being the first in this country to give it the importance to which it is entitled.

Literature as well as society has sustained a loss in the death of the late amiable and accomplished John W. Francis, Jr., eldest son of the venerable and distinguished Dr. Francis of this city. Mr. Francis was only twenty-two years of age, but had the appearance of a man of thirty. He had acquired a thorough mastery of five languages, with an inferior knowledge of others, and was largely acquainted with good literature and the fine arts. His few contributions to our periodical literature were marked by excellent sense and by refinement of feeling. In two weeks he was to have been admitted a Doctor of Medicine, and his severe application to professional studies, and exposure to the weather in visiting the sick poor, brought on a typhus fever, which ended fatally in a few days. It was characteristic of him that he secretly expended a large portion of his liberal allowance of money in alleviations of the sufferings of the poor. It has been ascertained that on receiving a considerable sum just before the last Christmas, he filled a carriage with turkeys, and passed an evening in distributing them among the poor and deserving families with whom he had become acquainted in the course of his benevolent medical practice.

NEWS FROM LIBERIA.—We have received our files of Monrovia papers to the 15th of November. We perceive that the progress of the progress in at least one of the arts of civilization. The *Monrovia Herald* informs us that at no period in the history of the colony has there been manifested so strong a tendency to the people to improve in the arts of civilization, as at the present time. An opposition has been raised to the re-election of President Roberts, who is a white; but the opposition party seem to have no other basis than the presence of a large colored population. It is stated that President Roberts will not be a candidate for a fifth re-election.

The corner stone of a new Episcopal church, called "Trinity," was laid at Monrovia on the 30th of October, by Rev. Alexander Drummond, B. S. The exercises are described as being very interesting, and the address of Rev. Mr. Drummond as being able and impressive. The church is to be of stone, 100 by 50 feet, and larger than any church in the republic. The last address from the Gold Coast were that Africa was in a state of revolt, and that the natives had made an attack upon Christburg Fort, a portion of the coast, purchased from the Danes by the English government some years ago. They were repulsed with great loss, the town having been completely destroyed by the guns of the fort, and the shore and the town of Abbeid, to the leeward, was also reduced to ashes by rockets from the shore. The traffic in liquor in that republic, and to the introduction into that community of this prolific source of poverty, misery and crime.

The schooner T. L. Randall, 56 tons, the "largest and finest vessel built in Liberia," was launched at Monrovia on the 26th of October, in presence of a large gathering of people of both sexes. She belongs to Hon. D. B. Warner, who gave a splendid entertainment on board, after the launch, to fifty invited guests. The *Liberia Herald* says:—"We have seldom witnessed a more interesting spectacle in Liberia, than was a palpable and pleasing evidence of the progress of the colony, and the success of Mr. Warner will stimulate our citizens generally to perform, in their respective spheres, noble achievements. It is not too much to expect that the launch of this vessel will be the launch of a new era in the history of our country, under the wave and protection of the long starred banner, toward the Atlantic to the Western world."—*Monrovia Traveller*, 26th.

The Literary World.

Introducing from Brazil OUR NEW JAMBOO CORRESPONDENCE.

UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP SAVANNAH, RIO DE JANEIRO, DE 13, 1854.

Trip of the United States Steamship Savannah to Montevideo: The Bainbridge Thru-Return to Rio—Arrival of the Steamship Independence—Celebration of the Emperor's Birthday—Rio Theatricals—War ships in Port—The Weather, &c.

We left this port for Montevideo on the 18th of September, where we arrived after a very cold and unpleasant run of eleven days. The Bainbridge was there when we got in; all her officers and crew well. Target firing, and other evolutions common to a man-of-war, occupied our time at the "Mount," and seldom, if ever, were better marksmen exercised in that cheerful harbor. We left there for this "fair-est of Southern cities," on the 11th of November, expecting to find here on our arrival the Relief, Independence, the St. Lawrence, and ever-so-many more Americans, which rumor asserted were anxiously looking out for us; but to our utter astonishment none of them could anywhere be seen when we came in, not even our storehouse, to whose coming we looked with flourishing expectations for all kinds of news, particularly, especially, and principally, for official documents relative to the "raise of pay."

Our first care was to paint our pretty ship, and make her look—as she always does—the handsomest craft around. We had just got over the fun and trouble common to ships just from sea, when, on the 28th, the *Independence* sailed gallantly in, and set the folks here a staring, as her war dogs howled out a salute to our Commodore, in deference to whose seniority Com. Merwin lowered his blue pennant and hoisted the red. The *Independence* made the passage in fifty days, but did not, as your reporter in the *Herald* some time ago anticipated she would, visit Greytown, or any other port, since she left the United States. She arrived here, considerably during the voyage, and during a week, which she is now having for frequent calls of the pump. She is now having all her decks overhauled and repaired, and will sail for the Pacific early in January.

In size, strength, and acknowledged celebrity, the *Independence* is undoubtedly superior to any other vessel of her class in the navy. She is now having all her decks overhauled and repaired, and will sail for the Pacific early in January.

The United States sloop-of-war John Adams arrived here on the 9th of this month, having made the very good passage of forty-two days. She is in fine condition, and will sail for the Pacific in a few weeks. It is said, the best crew that left the States this year.

There is nothing new in Rio. Holidays and religious processions are as numerous as ever. The Emperor's birthday was celebrated in the most imposing manner. The Emperor's birthday was celebrated in the most imposing manner.

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The Literary World.

There is a large quantity of medicine on hand, and a further decline is likely. Old—Recent large arrivals have caused a decline in the price of medicine. The market of Rio de Janeiro, Dec. 13, 1854.

Trip of the United States Steamship Savannah to Montevideo: The Bainbridge Thru-Return to Rio—Arrival of the Steamship Independence—Celebration of the Emperor's Birthday—Rio Theatricals—War ships in Port—The Weather, &c.

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Trip of the United States Steamship Savannah to Montevideo: The Bainbridge Thru-Return to Rio—Arrival of the Steamship Independence—Celebration of the Emperor's Birthday—Rio Theatricals—War ships in Port—The Weather, &c.

We left this port for Montevideo on the 18th of September, where we arrived after a very cold and unpleasant run of eleven days. The Bainbridge was there when we got in; all her officers and crew well. Target firing, and other evolutions common to a man-of-war, occupied our time at the "Mount," and seldom, if ever, were better marksmen exercised in that cheerful harbor. We left there for this "fair-est of Southern cities," on the 11th of November, expecting to find here on our arrival the Relief, Independence, the St. Lawrence, and ever-so-many more Americans, which rumor asserted were anxiously looking out for us; but to our utter astonishment none of them could anywhere be seen when we came in, not even our storehouse, to whose coming we looked with flourishing expectations for all kinds of news, particularly, especially, and principally, for official documents relative to the "raise of pay."

Our first care was to paint our pretty ship, and make her look—as she always does—the handsomest craft around. We had just got over the fun and trouble common to ships just from sea, when, on the 28th, the *Independence* sailed gallantly in, and set the folks here a staring, as her war dogs howled out a salute to our Commodore, in deference to whose seniority Com. Merwin lowered his blue pennant and hoisted the red. The *Independence* made the passage in fifty days, but did not, as your reporter in the *Herald* some time ago anticipated she would, visit Greytown, or any other port, since she left the United States. She arrived here, considerably during the voyage, and during a week, which she is now having for frequent calls of the pump. She is now having all her decks overhauled and repaired, and will sail for the Pacific early in January.

In size, strength, and acknowledged celebrity, the *Independence* is undoubtedly superior to any other vessel of her class in the navy. She is now having all her decks overhauled and repaired, and will sail for the Pacific early in January.

The United States sloop-of-war John Adams arrived here on the 9th of this month, having made the very good passage of forty-two days. She is in fine condition, and will sail for the Pacific in a few weeks. It is said, the best crew that left the States this year.

There is nothing new in Rio. Holidays and religious processions are as numerous as ever. The Emperor's birthday was celebrated in the most imposing manner.

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